

Goodbye

by StrongStyleBabyFists

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Summary: Re-Up. Decided to re-add this story. It's about Jeff Hardy leaving. He's a bad person in the story. So there's that. I don't have the confidence to write great summaries for my old stories.

Trigger Warning Though

1. Chapter 1

****~Just Like A Pill~****

Phil walked to the locker room after his match on a mission. He needed to say good-bye to Jeff. He drug his newly won belt behind him, right now that meant nothing. He looked everywhere for the rainbow haired man. He finally found him relaxing against a wall. His emerald eyes shot up at the man standing over him. He had a glassy eyed stare. Phil slumped down to his knees and hugged the other man. He could hear Jeff choking back tears when he spoke.

"That was all that I could have asked for."

"Dude I fucking love you." Jeff looked at Phil's tear filled eyes.

"Why are we crying?"

"I don't know." Phil laughed.

Jeff looked more intensely at Phil. He had always wanted to know if Phil tasted like the Skittles and Pepsi he enjoyed. He wanted to know if the feelings he was having were beyond their unspoken bro-love or if there was a deeper love. Phil knew Jeff was bisexual and frankly he could give a fuck less. He'd support whomever his friend loved. Something inside of him hoped that the person he loved was him. Why else would he have ran to find Jeff? He needed Jeff almost as much as Jeff needed him.

"Jeff...I know your brother and Shannon want to take you out but would you mind coming with me first?"

"Why not just come along?"

"I could do that..."

"Good. Let's go."

The two men walked to a locker room to get showered and dressed to go out. Phil played with the hoop in his lip to distract himself from watching Jeff change. Jeff stared down at Phil sitting on the bench. It seemed like tonight was a now or never moment for him. He had the perfect opportunity to tell Phil he wanted something from him. He just wasn't sure what. Beth was already gone, so he didn't have to worry about her getting in the way of this. The only thing in his way was wondering if Phil would feel the same way. They left the locker room in silence and went over to Matt, Shannon, and Greg who were waiting on them. They piled into a rental car and drove to a club. They sat in a corner booth and Jeff was pleasantly surprised when Phil came back from the bar with a beer for him.

"I owe you something..." He smiled.

"Yeah...Phil, do you think after this we can go to your room and talk?"

"Sure man."

Jeff sat watching Phil's reactions to pretty ladies who walked up to him. He seemed uninterested in them. The night progressed on and eventually closing time came around. Jeff took the passenger seat next to Phil on the way home or to the hotel rather. Jeff looked at the man next to him. Everything about him was perfect. When they arrived Jeff followed Phil to his room. Phil was addictive, just like a pill. Jeff needed him, it was no longer just a want. He hoped to God this didn't blow up in his face.

****Last Caress****

Phil led Jeff into his room. It was rather cold. Jeff could tell by the visible hard nipple under Phil's tight Avenger's shirt. Phil crawled up the bed and relaxed on the headboard. Jeff stared at him before taking a seat on the end of the bed facing him. Phil looked at Jeff. He needed to touch him. He could feel himself getting hard. Jeff looked up at him.

"We need to talk about something..."

"Well, you requested to come and talk...so say something Jeff?"

"Okay...you just need to promise me that no matter what I tell you in the next ten minutes will change our friendship?"

"I told you a million times Jeff, you can tell me anything. We've become so close over the past year. You know you are the brother I wish I had."

"Which is what makes this hard to tell you..." Jeff ran his hands

down his face.

"What?" Phil grabbed Jeff's hand from his face.

"Well, you know I'm bi."

"Yeah, and I fully 100 percent support you. Did you find a guy?"

"Well, I did..." Phil attempted to hide his disappointment with Jeff's admittance.

"Good...have you said anything?" He had a bit of hope.

"No...I was waiting until the right time...and well...Phil...I want you..."

"REALLY?!"

"Yeah, I understand if that's not cool." Phill smiled at Jeff.

"No, Jeff it's really cool. I wanted to talk to you earlier because I wanted to give you something before you left...so when you come back...you come back to me."

"What?"

"I want to let you have me..." Phil grinned seductively at Jeff.

Phil stood up and removed his clothing as he watched Jeff remove his. Jeff stepped closer to the slightly younger man's tall, muscular body.

"You're sexy Philip Jack Brooks..." He grabbed Phil and dominated his lips.

"mmm"

Jeff roughly grabbed Phil's hard cock and stroked it. Phil watched Jeff get on his knees in front of him. He drug his nails down his chest to his thighs. He moaned. Jeff grabbed his cock and slid his tongue around him. He fell back into a desk as Jeff began sucking him. Jeff laughed when he heard Phil whimper.

"Jeff wow...Oh my God..." He grabbed Jeff's hair.

"You like?"

"Love...keep going please..."

Jeff maneuvered Phil over to the bed and shoved him down. Phil uncomfortably laid on the bed. Jeff continued sucking on Phil's cock. He drug his nails down Phil's thighs when he raised to get a better angle. He could feel Phil cumming in his mouth and he heard his whimpers. Phil never experienced anything like this before.

"Alright round two...do you have lotion?"

"Uh yeah in my bag why?"

Jeff just grinned. He turned Phil over onto his stomach. He grabbed the Vaseline Cocoa Butter and put some in his hand. Phil felt him slide two fingers into him.

"That's why...you are so tight Phil...never been with a boy?"

"No...what's with the kind of creepy tone?"

"Horny Phil...I need your ass...is that okay?"

"Yeah." Jeff shoved a pillow in front of him.

"My brother is next to us scream into that."

Phil grabbed the pillow when he felt Jeff enter him. He could feel Jeff increasing the length and pace as he opened Phil. Jeff could have done this all night. Phil winced when Jeff slapped his ass.

"It jiggles nice...I am soooo fucking happy right now Phil...I love you."

"Really?"

"Oh God yes..."

"Good...keep fucking my ass..."

"mmm you catch on quick..."

Jeff picked up the pace and Phil could feel his cock twitching. He heard Jeff moaning and his breathing getting shallow before he exploded in him. He rolled over onto the bed and looked into Phil's hazel eyes.

"That was the best goodbye gift I got from anyone. Who needs a fucking watch when you can get a Punk."

"Well...I did get you something else...I got you a half decent piece of art."

"Eh...that fat ass is better...be sure you make regular visits to Cameron..." He kissed Phil sweetly.

"Of course Jeff...I'd like some more of that cock."

"Good...oh and Phil...when I said I love you...I mean it."

"I thought I was the only one..."

Jeff and Phil collapsed into the bed. It was the beginning of something interesting.

2. Chapter 2

_What's it gonna be
>Cuz I can't pretend
Don't you wanna be more than friends
>Hold me tight and don't let go
Don't let go

>Have the right to lose control
Don't let go_

_I often tell myself

>That we could be more than just friends
I know you think that if we move to soon

>It would all end
I live in misery when you're not around

>And I won't be satisfied 'till we're taking those vows
There'll be some lovemaking, heartbreaking, soul shaking

>Oh, lovemaking, heartbreaking, soul shaking

Phil already missed Jeff. Sometimes it was harder than others. He wondered all the time if Jeff wanted to be more than friends. Of course Jeff left him the night they had sex. Phil thought he really meant the words he said. He thought maybe there was love, that it was more than lust. He didn't know if Jeff felt the same. Calling him would seem annoying. He didn't want to come off as an obsessive bitch. He had to let Jeff know he was an obsession. He needed Jeff's attention like a heroin addict needs a fix. Phil couldn't let Jeff just leave him. There was definitely more to their relationship. If only Beth wasn't around, maybe Jeff would be more inclined to be exclusively his. He sat in the locker room thinking of fifty ways to go out to the ring that would get Jeff's attention. He looked at the duffle bag in front of him. He dug through the clothing and had a moment that could only be matched by Archimedes.

_I often fantasize

>The stars above are watching you
They know my heart and speak to yours

>Like only lovers do
If I could wear your clothes

>I'd pretend I was you and lose control
There'll be some lovemaking, heartbreaking, soul shaking

>Oh lovemaking, heartbreaking, soul shaking, oh yeah

Phil pulled a pair of Jeff's pants out of the bag he left behind that night. It was the only reminsce of him. Had Jeff not been in such a rush to get back to his pseudo-wife, he wouldn't have forgotten his gear. Phil could still smell the mix of pre-cum and cologne on them. It brought back a flood of memories as he slid them over his thick thighs. He slid a tank top over his torso, put Jeff's Hardy Boyz necklace on, and looked in the mirror. He smiled at the site he saw in the mirror. He dug further in the bag and pulled out a case of face paint. He began to apply it to himself. _If I could wear your clothes, I'd pretend I was you and lose control. _Phil could feel himself becoming aroused and the thought of being his lover. There was something erotic about fantasizing that he and Jeff were more than an affair. He felt like Jeff was in him, that they had become one. He started to stroke his erection when he heard a voice at the door telling him he had ten minutes before he went out. He needed to let someone know that he added more spice, to his game.

_Running in and out my life has got me so confused

>You gotta make the sacrifice
Somebody's got to choose

>We can make it if we try for the sake of you and I
Together we can make it right_

This was going to make Jeff realize how much Phil was in love with him. Jeff would come back to him for sure. He walked down the long corridor dressed like Jeff. Everyone thought it was all part of his sick plan to make Jeff look bad. He smirked when he heard Jeff's music hit. Going through the motions of being Jeff aroused him more.

He was beginning to lose control of his thoughts. As soon as his promo was done he ran to the locker room and stood at the mirror. He continued his self play, apparently he was too into himself to hear the door. The other figure watched him with a sly grin. Phil leaned into the wall as he got deeper into ecstasy. He felt someone come up behind him. He felt a hand snake around his waist and stroke his hardened cock.

"Let me help you." A rough southern draw hit Phil's ear.

"mmmmâ€| "

"Did you go through all this for my attention?"

"Yes." Phil could only muster one word before he felt a hardened Jeff Hardy enter him.

"Pretending to be meâ€|I bet you didn't think I would be here did you."

"Noâ€|" Jeff started to get rougher.

"I came for my gearâ€|but then I saw youâ€|parading around pretending to be meâ€|What were you thinking?" He grabbed Phil's hair and forced his face roughly into the wall.

"Jeffâ€|stopâ€|this is starting to hurt."

"That's what you get for doing this Philip. We could have had something." Jeff rammed himself into Phil. He could hear the younger man crying.

"Pleaseâ€|Jeffâ€|I love you stop." Phil felt Jeff cum, before pushing him to the ground.

"Well, as fun as that wasâ€|you can keep the gearâ€|I don't want anything you've worn."

"But that nightâ€|after SummerSlamâ€|you saidâ€| "

"I just wanted to make Mr. Straightedge look as vile and disgusting as he really is. I would never love youâ€| "

Phil watched Jeff walk away. All he could do was lay on the ground, hoping this was all a game.

End
file.